

BUTTERFLY.

Where do thy pinions dip to dye
Themselves, thou courtier of the sky?
What flowers have kissed thee till each
wind

Tells tales of every flower of spring?

Thou art of heaven and of the sky,
Thou amber-colored butterfly;

Out from the womb of the cocoon
Rose on the sunlit aires of June.

Late of the dusk the lowliest thing,
A worm that has achieved a wing;

Now earth's delights come no right
Thy form, thou golden beauty!

For thou dost only drink and dine
On honeyed sweet, or the divine,

The God-distilled, the heavenly wine

Of dale, rose or claudine.

Seeming to die thou dost not die;

Out of the class must thy try;

Thou hast emerged a jewel bright,

Shining and panopied in light.

In peace, fair Psycho, go thy way;

No ride shall rob the summer day;

Of thee her priest, winged butterfly,

Precious of immortality.

Friend Morrison.

Going to the Centennial.

I put my best clothes in a portemonee and went to the Union depot. I wanted to get a reduction in fares, and I said to the man at the ticket office:

"This has raised no love of country! Would it grind the faces of peculiarly embarrassed patriots, and extort their last shiver, for fare? Where is the soul of the corporation? Where is your boasted rush of travel? Where is your—"

"Do you want to go to the Centennial?" said the man.

"Yes I do," said I.

"Then you'll either pay fourteen dollars or you won't go over this line."

I paid it and got on the train.

The scenery was beautiful. I went to sleep looking at it and thinking over my debas. I woke up at intervals and purchased peanuts and light literature from a small boy with a Pennsylvania railroad cap on. After we had been on the road a good while the conductor came around and gave me a shake, and said:

"We are now approaching the celebrated Horse Shoe Bend. Most tourists have a desire to view the superb prospect from this point—Spots you come out on the platform and take a look at it."

I stated that I did not think I wanted to look at it just now, and he went away.

"Presently the brakeman came to, gave me a punch and said:

"We are now approaching the famous Horse Shoe Bend. The view from here is inexpressibly grand—Everybody wants to see this; the ladies go into ecstacies over it, and it fills the soul of man with thoughts of the Great Creator. Walk out and take a look at it."

I said that I would probably glance casually at it when I came back.

Then an old man who was sitting behind me leaned forward and remarked:

"I understand we are now approaching the unrivaled Horse Shoe Bend, since unblasted and free from dust. Let's go out and take it in."

"No," said I; "I want to count my money."

The old man got mad and gave me my portemonee a kick, but I gave him gray hair, and let him be.

The old ancient maiden, with a nose like a single lantern, poked me in the snail of the back with an umbrella, and shouted:

"Mister, we are coming to the Horse Shoe Bend."

"Let the Horse Shoe Bend and be d—d!" said I. "Leave me alone."

"What?" growled she. "Is there no love for the beautiful in your infinite soul? Do you not feel that your heart is stirred at the sublime spectacle? Is there no appreciation of the beauties of nature in your system?"

"No, there ain't," said I.

"Well, then," said the old woman, "you are a low-lived, contemptible hog."

"Right!" remarked the old man, and he gave the portemonee another kick. When we arrived at Philadelphia there were twenty-seven Irishmen with twenty-seven backs, to take people to lodging houses. One Irishman took hold of me, tore half of the tail off my linen duster, and said:

"Here ye are. I've the natest turnout and the liveliest animal of the lot. Turn right in, and I'll bustle ye down foaming the chitinous in quicker time nor ye could say Jack Robinson."

Then another Irishman tore the balance of the tail off the duster and stated:

"He's a liar. Be jabbers, it's myself that's got the best team entirely. I'll hate ye till somethin' plannys that I'll be after rattlin' ye to yer destination faster nor any man on the ground." Devil burn me if I'm not spak' the truth."

I said I believed him.

"Well, phy the devil don't ye git in," he said, and then gave me a boost and I got in head foremost.

I gave him eleven dollars to drive me to a boarding house, and he drove me to Mrs. Fiddler's. Mrs. Fiddler was a woman with a mop cap and a plump countenance, and she said she thought she was full.

"Lemme see," said Mrs. Fiddler, counting on her fingers. "Plumb, and his party on the first floor, they're full."

I shook my head sorrowfully and envied Plumb and his party.

"Then there's Simpson and Brown on the second floor, front, they're full; but you might go in with Chazze. He's a maniac."

"He is!"

"Yes. He gets violent sometimes and then he's disagreeable. Night before last he nearly sawed old Mr. Jones' jugular in two with a rusty cheese knife. Perhaps you wouldn't object to go in with Chazze?"

"I think I would. Chuck me along with Plumb and his party."

"I told you he was full."

"True. I forgot that."

Then I shifted my portemonee to the other hand, and Mrs. Fiddler made some room on her fingers and could find room for me.

"Tangled sh— and board me a hope of passing—two dollars, paid in fiscal year."

"Tribune" is being about the court.

"Mr. Mort" came the seventy-go-

al the Tar" said that I needn't do anything to it, and that I might go, as any impudence I might get on a lamp post for all

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here are no beds in Mrs. Fid-

der's establishment men. Asleep dead and tail on the floor. The brogans covered the feet of a corpulent Dutchman, who says he is an exiled German, but, I believe he lies. I did not mind the brogans much, but I was kept in a constant state of excitement, all night, in consequence of the attempts of Mr. Chuzzle to break down the door. He tried it at intervals of ten minutes, and said he intended to extract our liver.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.—ON May 17.—Another campaign well nigh onto us, and I fear the blood a bilin in my veins. As the war-hosses turned out to grass—wield literally he bin ever since the bustin up the Optimized Trust, and Confidence Company—I bear the blare up the trumpet, and I prick up my ears and tail, and cry ha! ha! to the carriage. I smell the smoke of the conflict, and I smell, likewise, the plunder underneath that smoke. I see in the distance, success, and that success, Post-Offices. Post-Offices! Post-Offices! Deceitful words! What Democritus is that wretched gitoniacistic over that prospect? I shell go into this campagne with my sleeves rolled up.

This is our last chance for a complete success. Success is what we must have, and that we may attain that success I shell throw out a few words up admonish, will be apples up gold set in pictures up silver. We bin pastrin on bar-room feeds too long, and the fat bottoms up ushifl patronage kin come into our hands by acout and come for two drinks.

But there are difficulties in the way, no matter where we turn. Dimocritus is a lot of scrooky machinery. A lot of solid coons with bad heads were down on their hands and knees looking at the cog-wheels and cracks through their spectacles. An Englishman said he had seen an engine in the old country that could knock the socks off the Corliss, and a Frenchman said it was a pretty good thing considering it was built in this country. A Massachusetts man offered to fight them off the spot. While the foreigners were considering the proposition the Massachusetts man was dragged away by his wife and family.

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The proprietor heard me. He was behind the machine, oiling up, and he rushed out and swore I was a liar, and called four policemen to put me out. It was only by an alrot stratus that I made this was presented, but it made me mad because the woman with the cream colored hair was looking on, and I went home, anyhow, determined to get a free start at the show in the morning.

Then I don't like Fiddler's on account of Chuzzle, but I'm going to see this Centennial if it takes all summer.

FRIEND.—

The Oldiest Woman in the World.

An event of extraordinary interest occurred here to-day. A wagon came in from the mission and stopped in front of the Court House, and in a few minutes an old lady seated in the bed of the wagon became the object of general attention. An immense crowd gathered around the vehicle to witness, perhaps the oldest living human in the world. Eulalia Perez Vareo, Esq., who is now a pin in a furrin shorn in consequence of a corrupt jokey, which incurred ex to what he had done with ten millions up the public munny, and was not content to take his word for it, but let his head spent it legally. His anser wuz so striking in accordance with my nobness us things that I give him heart up it.

By all means go into the next canvas on the shoo up reform. The correspondens up the present Adminis-trashen, and I may say up the Re-publican party in general, is sich ex to appeal to the heart us any lover of his country. In my lonely eggles I frequently shed teers wen I think of the steelin that's goin on.

Let our watchword be Reform and Puritan officil position! If my lawyers kin git them indictments agin me squashed in time, I will come to the rescue of the colony of Virginians, and although her speech is mumbly, yet it comes out tolerably clear.

The old lady was greatly amused with the interest she excited and spoke pleasantly to all who addressed her.

In the same wagon, sitting beside her, was another old woman, who was one of her daughters, and on the driver's box were two great grandchildern. The old lady had been brought to the city on an application made by Mrs. de White, one of her daughters, for letters of guardianship. It seems that the old lady is living with Mariana Antonia Higana, one of her daughters, who has formed the idea of taking her mother to the Centennial, under the idea that there is money in it. Mrs. de White objects to this, and, in order to restrain her sister from taking the old lady out of the county, fled an application for letters of guardianship.

The case came before Judge O. McFerrin, in the Supervisor's room and Mr. F. P. Ramirez appeared for the applicant and Mr. S. M. White for the contestants. Mrs. de White testified that she had been told by her sister that she would take the old lady to San Francisco and the once to Philadelphia if she could make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. White, the husband of this witness, testified that he had given the old lady a bond in \$500 to take care of her.

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NASBY.

THE SAGE OF THE CRUSA ROADS—OPENING THE CAMPAIGN—A FEW WORDS OF ADMONITION TO HIS PARTY FRIENDS—THE RALLYING-CRY OF THE DEMOCRACY: "REFORM AND PURITY IN OFFICIAL POSITION."

Oakley Hall wants reform and purity, and in such a cooz he is willing to give a fourth up the forcozen he made when he wuz the astoot rice of Twood.

I hear hoed from em all. The Democracy of the Sixth Ward of New York, wher I wunst run a small grossery, are to a man for reform Pendleton wants reform, and every man with wuz turned out of offis when Johnson went out in a clamor for it.

The Southern Democracy wants reform. They say in their letter to me, "Give us a Reform platform, and we'll put away our shot-guns, and keep our hands off the niggers till after the elections, shoor. We won't insist on our rights to kill niggers, and we'll keep em from havin' anything to do with matters, till the election's over. The Diemocratic President gives us rice to do eoz we please." Their constant remark is, "Go in heavy for Reform and make that the one ishooh."

The dooty up the party is clear. Give us a platform based entirely on Reform. We kin carry it. It is a great many years sense we wuz power, and by this time is power. American women are not of the firmest, but they are much firmer than they look, while many women of the Old World, pictures and slender figures are to him palpable evidences of disease; for he has learned to associate robust health with high color, full face and untrammelled stoutness. Outward signs are likely to be deceptive. American women are not of the firmest, but they are much firmer than they look, while many women of the Old